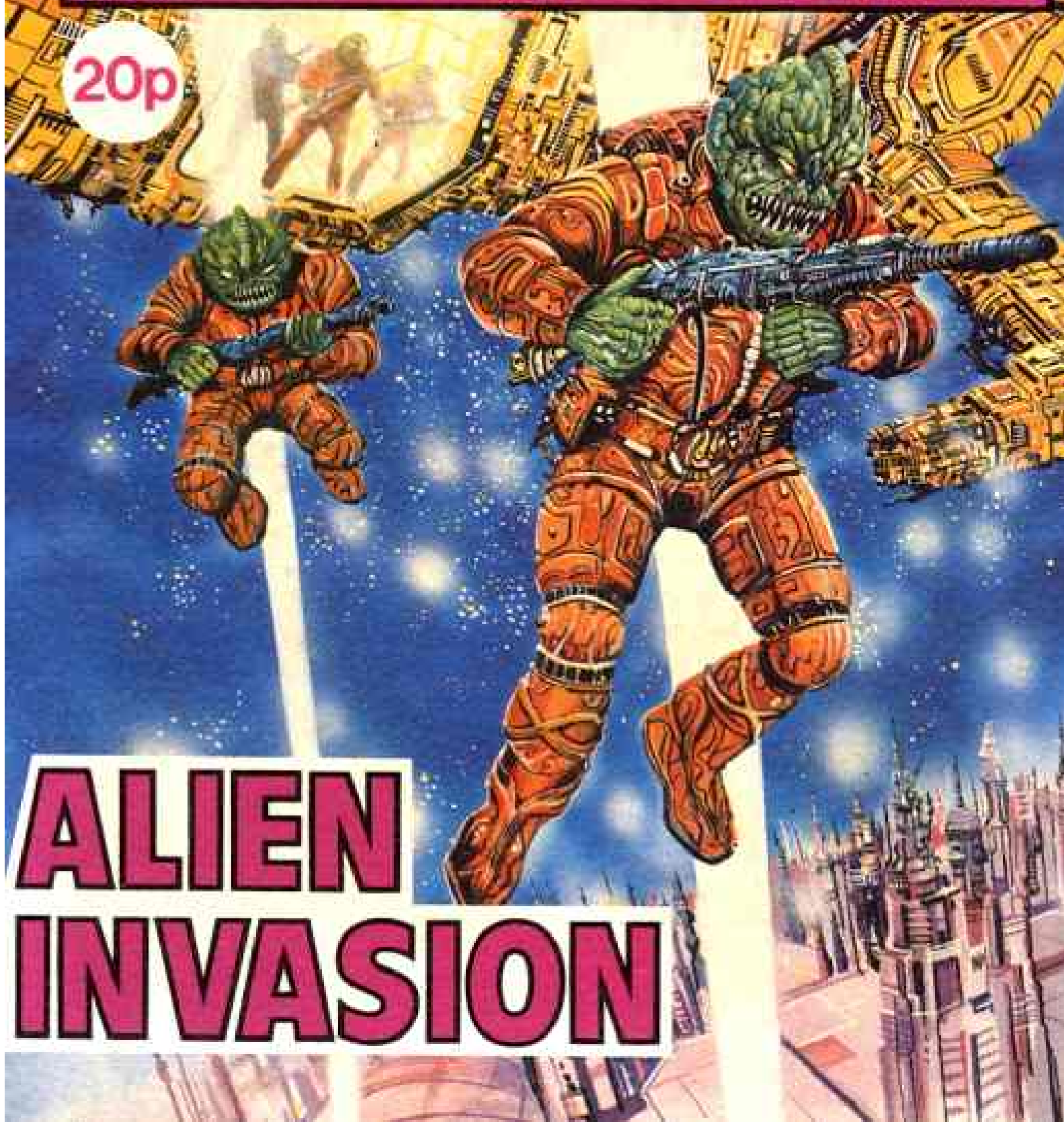


STARBLAZER

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No 122

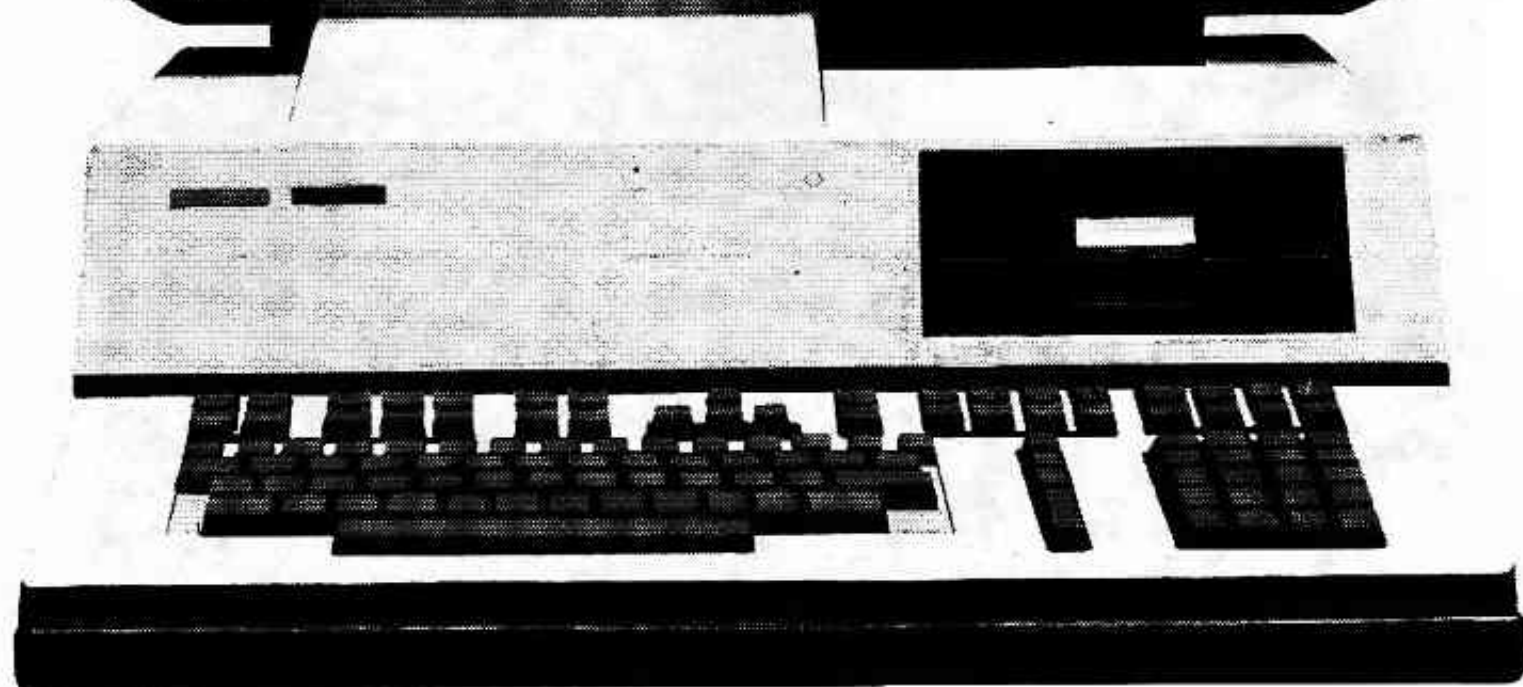
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ALIEN INVASION

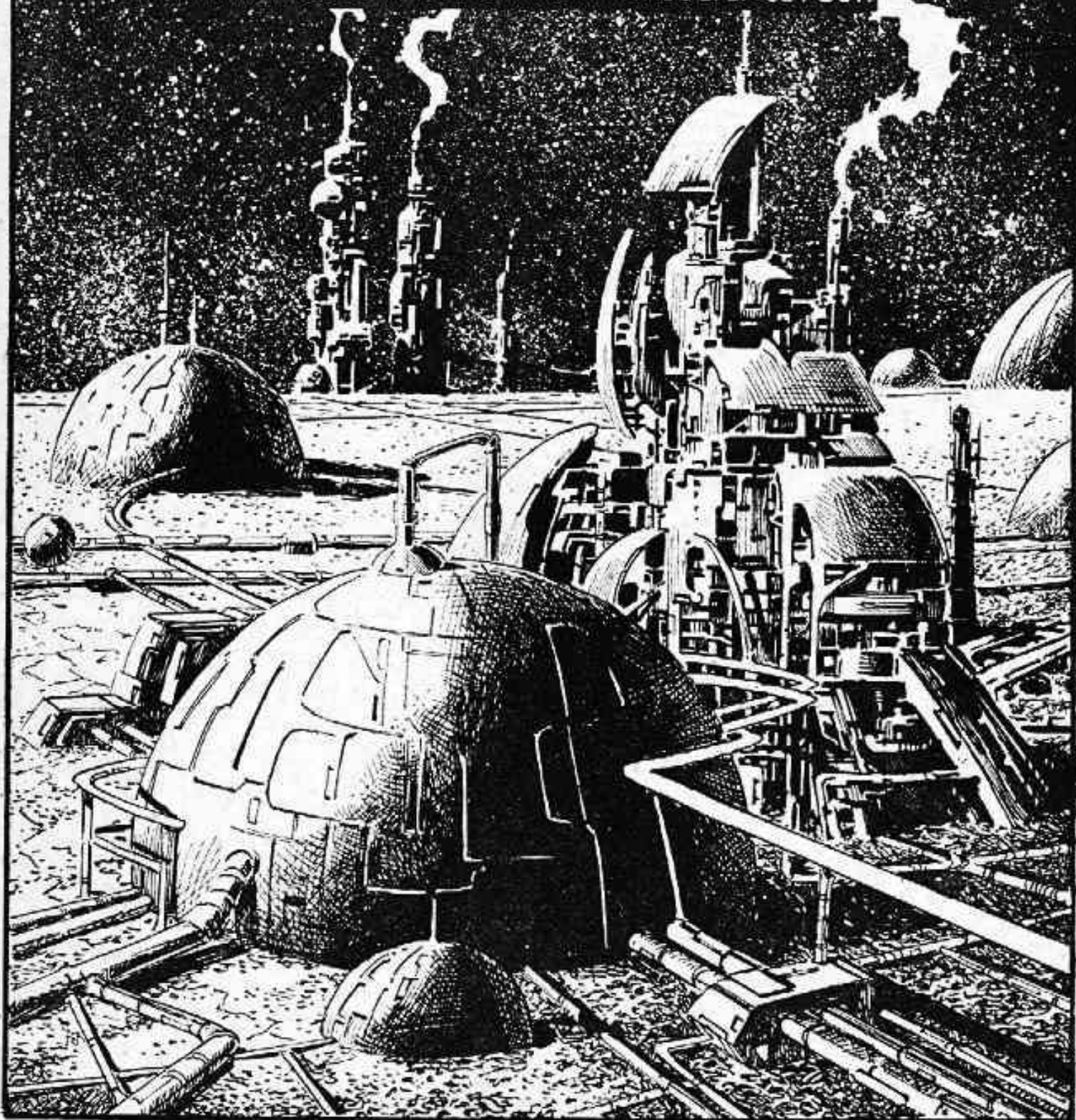
STARBLAZER

SPORADIC WARS RAGED IN THE 23RD CENTURY AS THE CRUMBLING EARTH FEDERATION TRIED TO STAVE OFF ATTACKS FROM ALL SIDES. AN UNHOLY ALLIANCE OF THE ASUR, SHABOT AND BARGEZ WORLDS SPREAD TERROR AND DEATH THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY. EARTH'S DEFENCES WERE SPREAD THIN, SO THIN THAT EVEN SUICIDE SQUADS OF MISFITS FOUND THEMSELVES TRANSFERRED TO STRATEGIC TASKS. NAVIGATOR HENRY FOUND HIMSELF PILOTING A SPACETUG HIGH OVER THE GAS-RICH PLANET, ASGARD, IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.

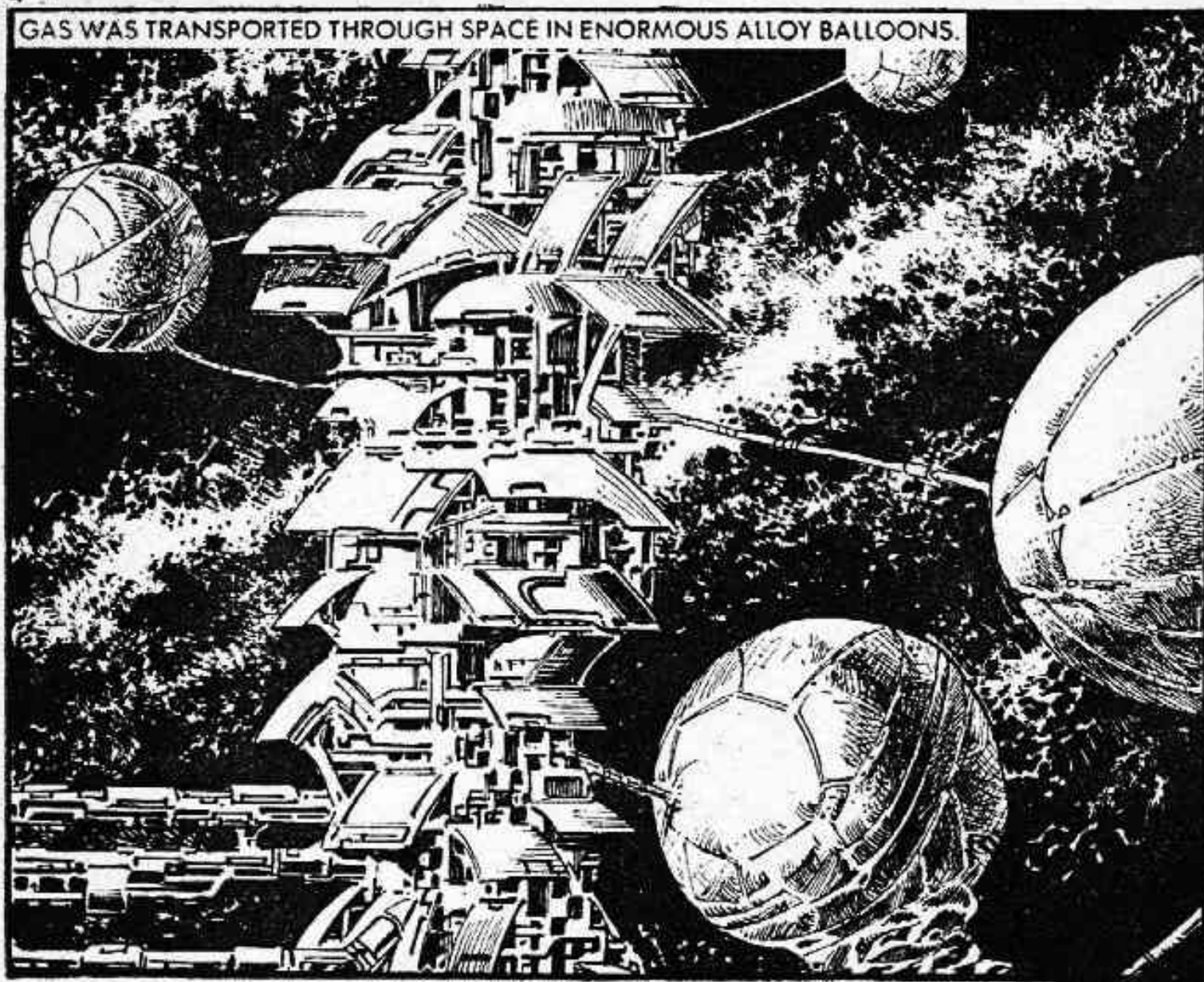


ALIEN INVASION

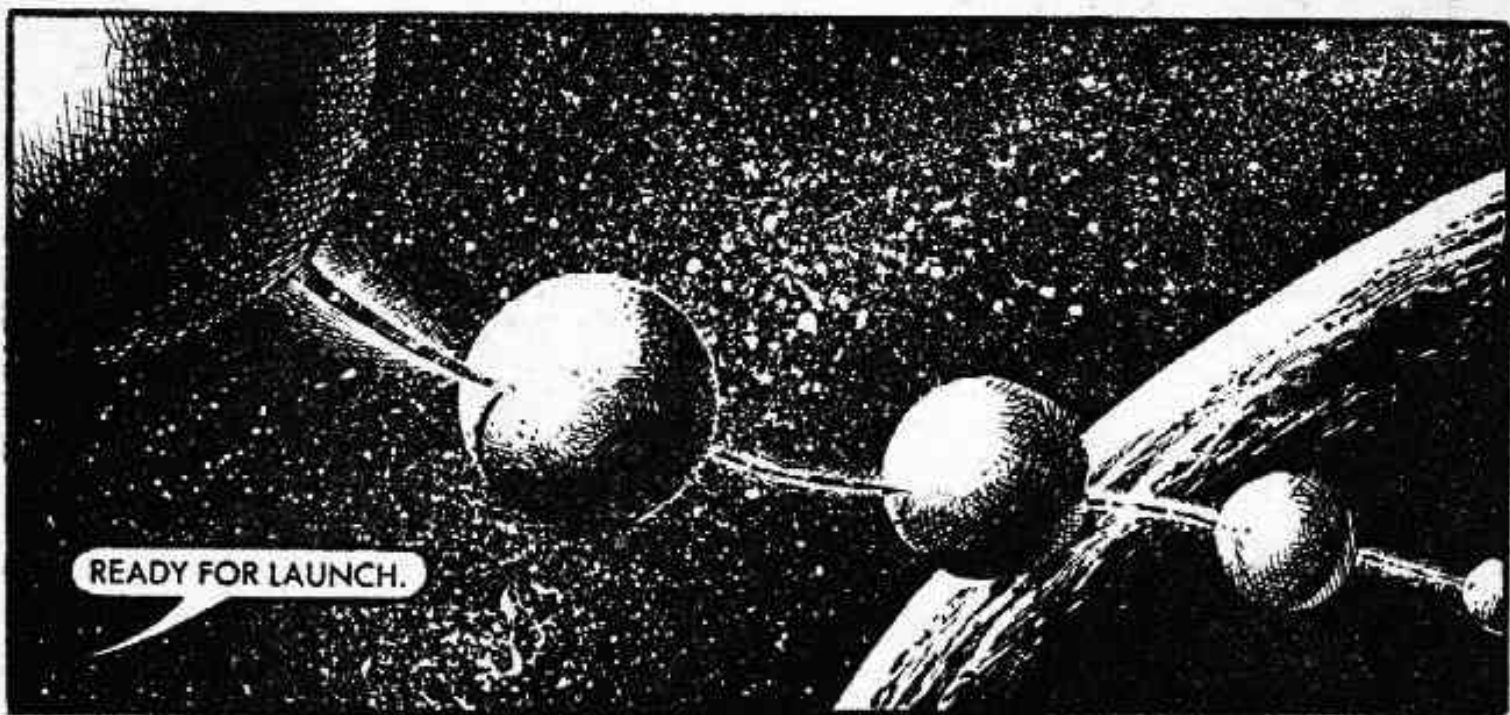
THE HUGE GAS PLANT ON UNINHABITED ASGARD SUPPLIED VELGA, A
TERRAN COLONY PLANET AND A VITAL DEFENCE POST.



GAS WAS TRANSPORTED THROUGH SPACE IN ENORMOUS ALLOY BALLOONS.



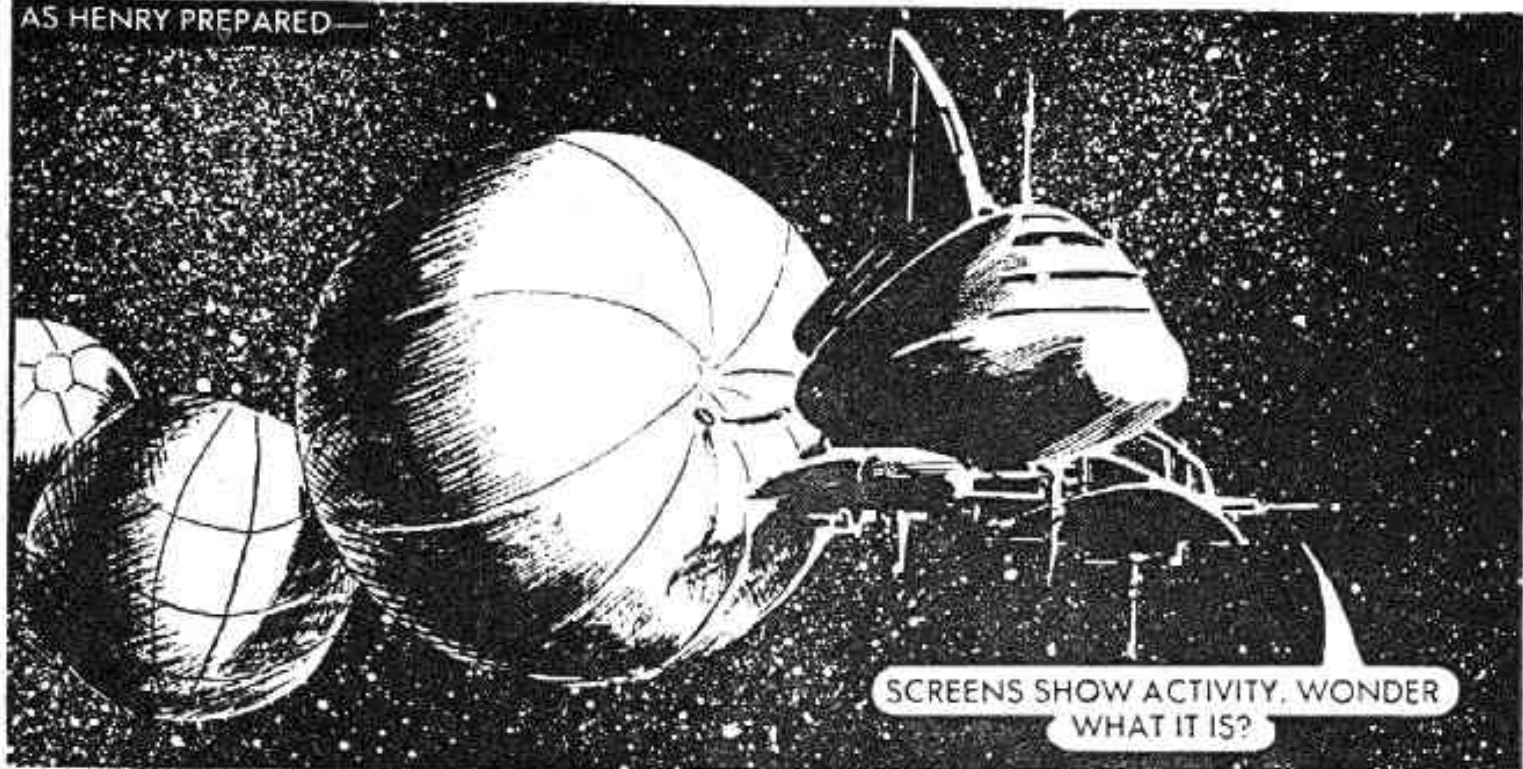
READY FOR LAUNCH.



NAVIGATOR HENRY, IN THE UNACCUSTOMED JOB AS SPACETUG PILOT, AWAITED THE MOMENT FOR THE TRICKY COUPLING JOB.



AS HENRY PREPARED —



SCREENS SHOW ACTIVITY, WONDER WHAT IT IS?

FROM OUT OF THE VACUUM OF SPACE
A HUGE, ALIEN VESSEL MATERIALISED—



WHAT THE...? BARGEZ
DEATHTROOPS.

THE SMALL MARINE FORCE ON ASGARD WAS CALLED TO ACTION—

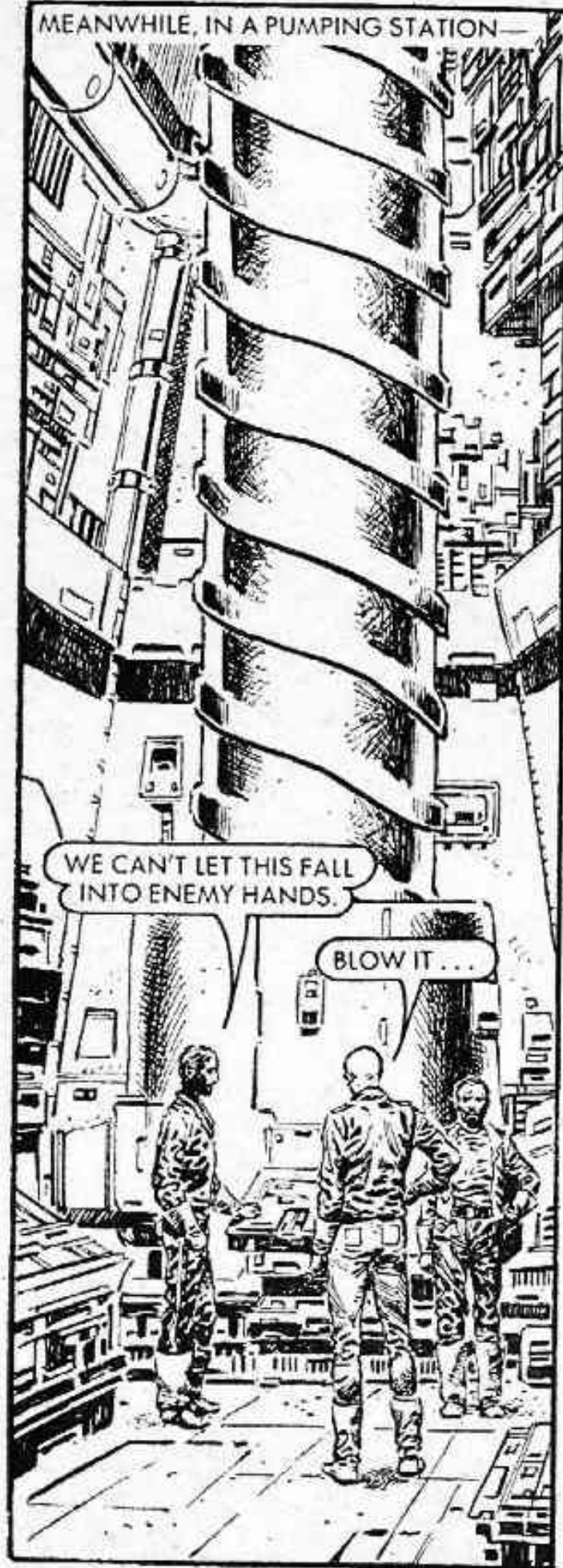
WAIT TILL THEY ARE CONCENTRATED
AROUND DOME TWO AND THEN USE THE
REMOTE CONTROL TO BLOW IT.



THE DESTRUCTION OF DOME 2 WAS ONLY A TEMPORARY SETBACK—



MEANWHILE, IN A PUMPING STATION—



WE CAN'T LET THIS FALL
INTO ENEMY HANDS.

BLOW IT...

THE THREE MARINES SET THE CHARGES AND
SACRIFICED THEMSELVES TO PREVENT THE ENEMY
GAINING AN ADVANTAGE.



DON'T STAND THERE! GET TO DRILL
TWO AND WARN THEM AGAINST
UNSHIELDED FLAME—USE NO
LASERS. THERE IS TOO MUCH
GAS ABOUT.

HIGH ABOVE ASGARD--

BARGEZ FORCES HAVE LAUNCHED AN ASSAULT ON ASGARD. THE SMALL HUMAN FORCE IS PUTTING UP A FIERCE STRUGGLE, BUT THEY HAVE SUFFERED HEAVY CASUALTIES.

NOW WHAT ARE MY CHANCES OF REACHING VELGA IN THIS UNARMED CRATE? A FRIENDLY PATROL SHIP WOULD BE WELCOME RIGHT NOW.

HENRY SUITED UP FOR A DEEPSPACE RUN--

PHOBOS AND DEIMOS-- A BARGEZ SCOUT, UNCOUPLE-- I DON'T WANT TO BE NEAR THESE BALLOONS.

THE BARGEZ PILOT FIRED —

THAT'S ONE LOAD OF GAS THAT
WON'T REACH ITS DESTINATION.

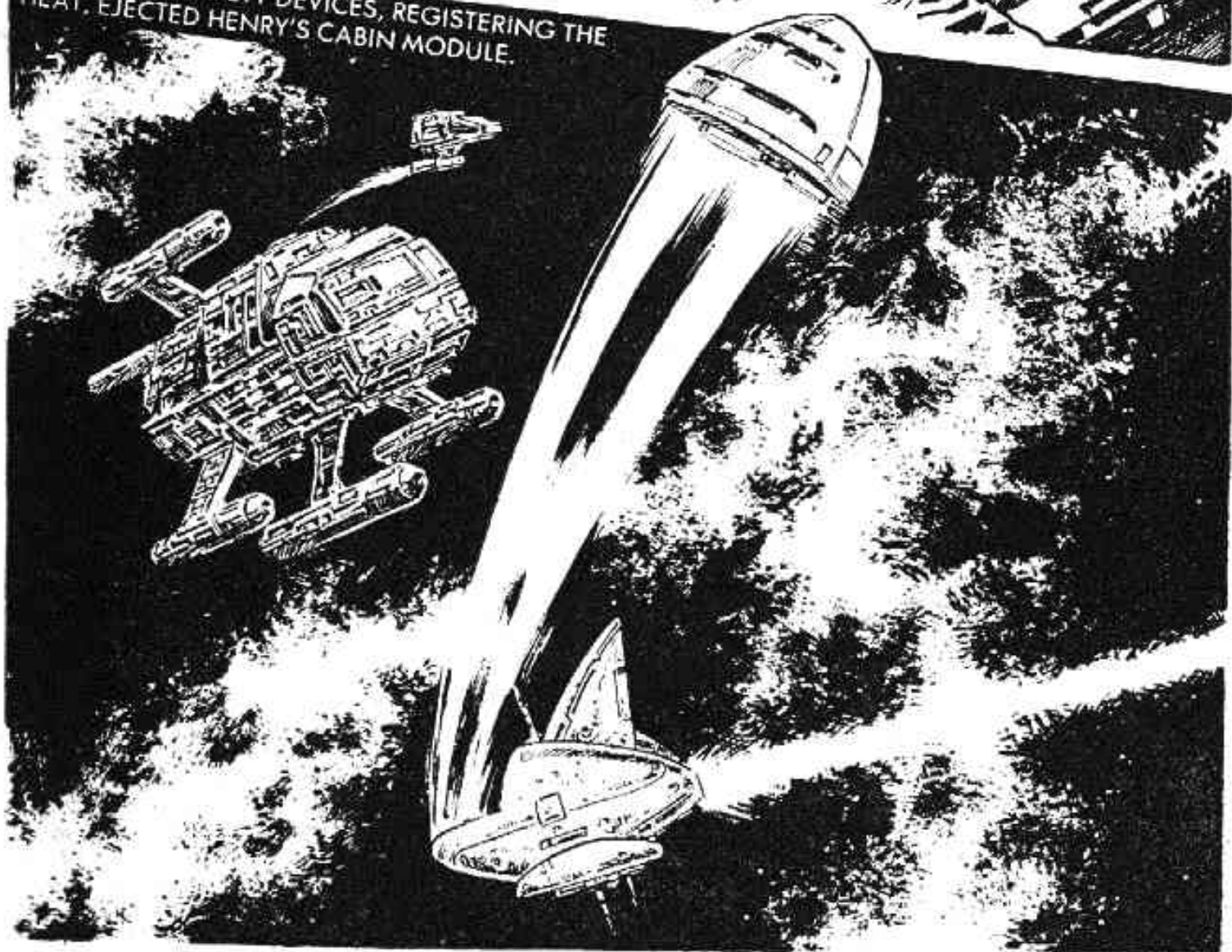
HENRY JUST FAILED TO MAKE IT — THE AREA OF EXPANDING, FLAMING GAS CAUGHT HIS CRAFT.



HE BLACKED OUT AS HIS SHIP WAS HURLED AWAY, AND THE SURFACE TEMPERATURE OF THE SHIP BECAME UNACCEPTABLE.



AUTOMATIC SAFETY DEVICES, REGISTERING THE HEAT, EJECTED HENRY'S CABIN MODULE.



THE MODULE WAS PICKED UP
AND TAKEN TO ASGARD—

YOUR WAR IS
OVER, EARTHSLUG!

HENRY WAS TAKEN TO A PRISON CAMP—

FROM OTHER PARTS OF THE PLANET OTHER MEMBERS OF HIS SQUAD HAD BEEN CAPTURED. HENRY WAS REUNITED WITH LIEUTENANT STEVE MARTIN, AND GUNNER GEE. A FOURTH MEMBER, VIDOP BELLO, HAD BEEN KILLED IN THE PREVIOUS MISSION.

I SEE THEY GOT YOU
TOO, HENRY.

NOT THE HAPPIEST WAY
TO MEET AGAIN.

I WANT A VOLUNTEER TO SHOW US
HOW TO SHUT DOWN DRILL 2.

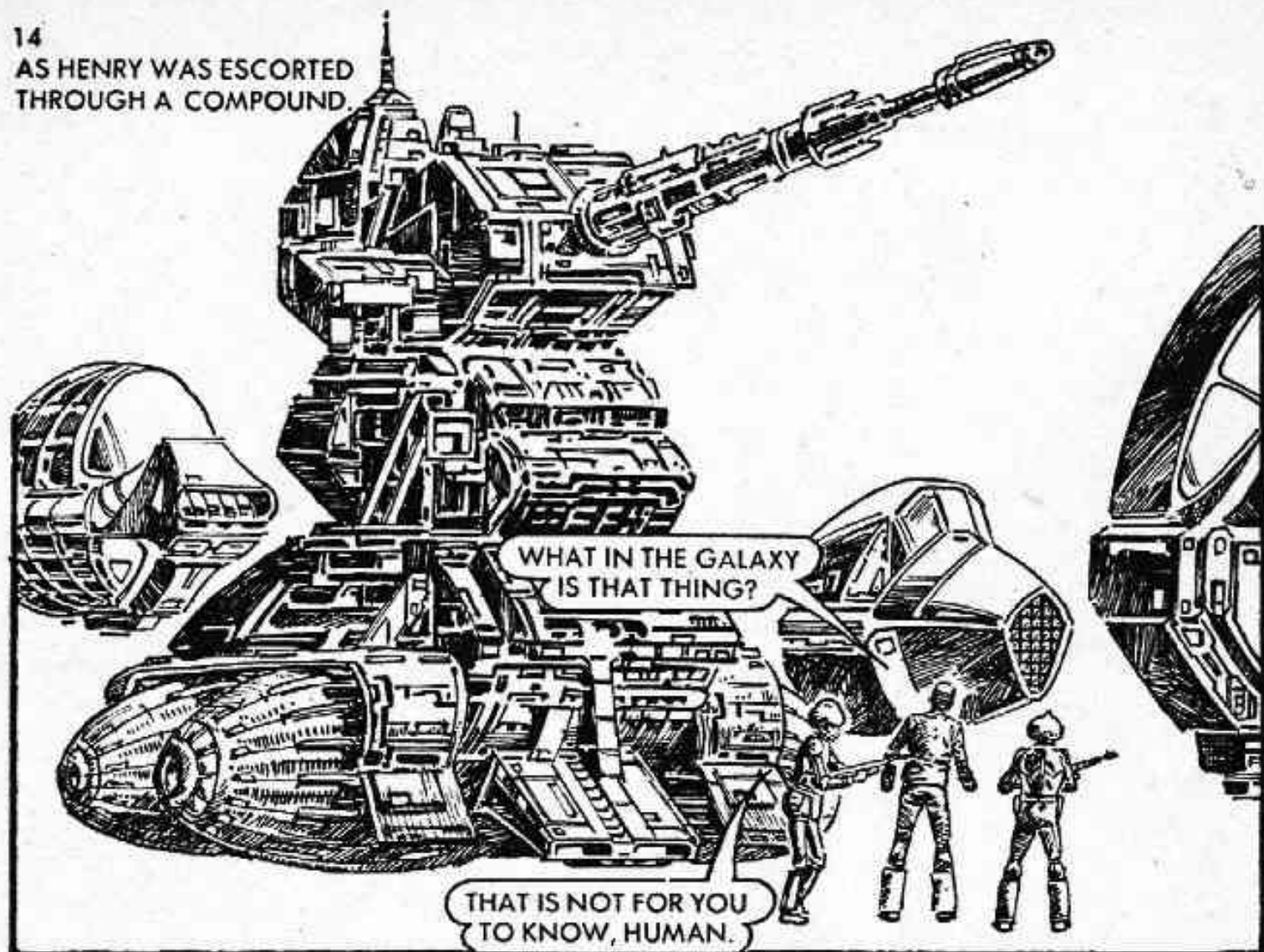
I'LL GO! IT'S A CHANCE TO LEARN
WHAT'S HAPPENING. PERHAPS EVEN A
CHANCE OF ESCAPE OR SABOTAGE.

TRAITOR!

WHAT REWARD DO YOU EXPECT
FROM THESE CREEPS?



AS HENRY WAS ESCORTED
THROUGH A COMPOUND.



THAT CABLE IS SHORT-CIRCUITING
THE CLOSURE GEAR.

WHICH IT ISN'T, BUT ONCE THEY CUT
THE POWER THE SAFETY VALVE WILL
STAY OPEN AND GAS WILL PUMP
OUT. EVENTUALLY IT WILL IGNITE!

SO WE JUST HAVE
TO CUT IT?

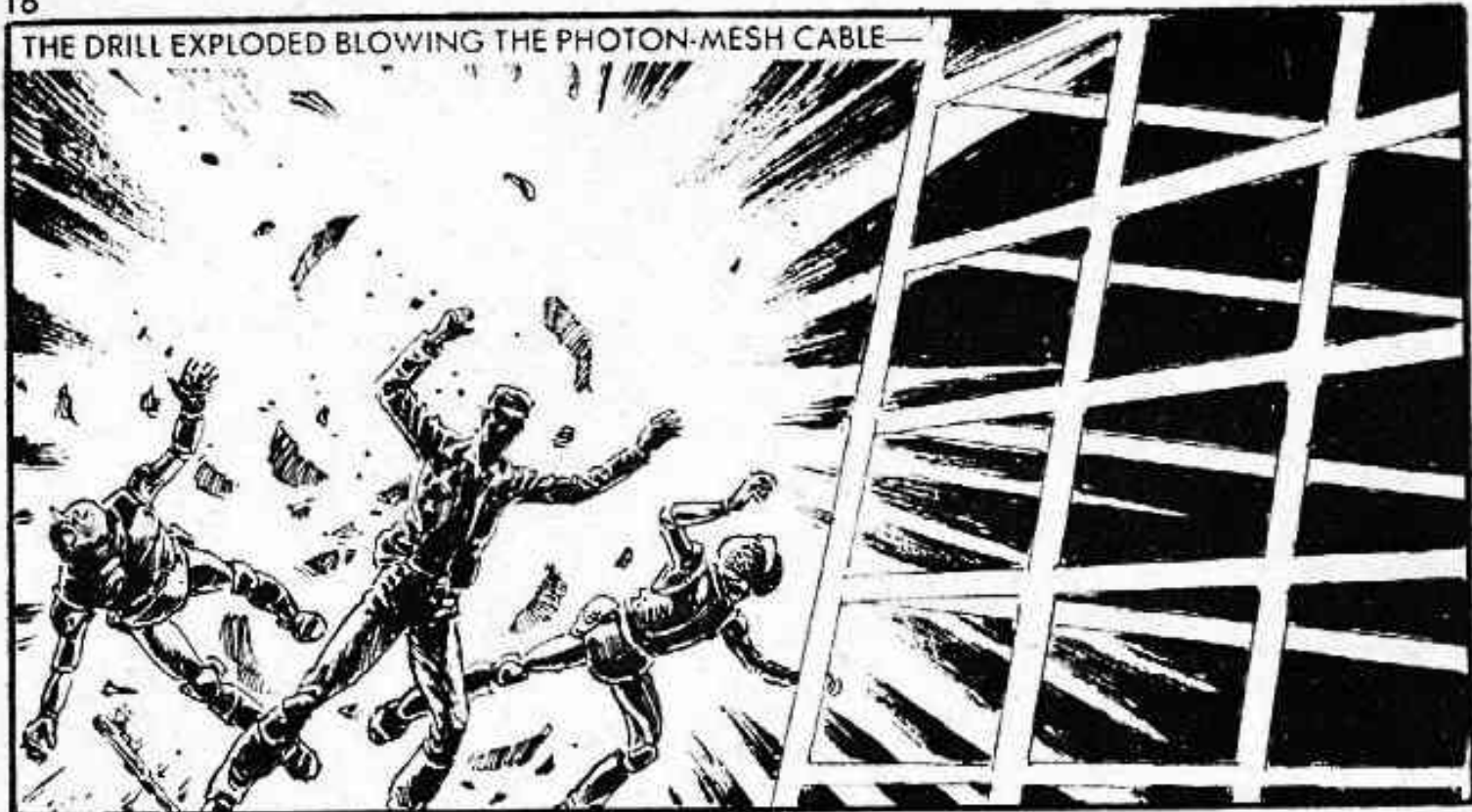
THAT'S FIXED THE DANGER,
AND THE LOSS OF GAS.

THEY'VE SHUT DOWN THE DRILL ALL
RIGHT—BUT WITHOUT THE SAFETY VALVE.

NO SOLDIER LIKES TRAITORS.
THEY'LL KILL YOU IN THERE.

IT WILL BE EASIER IF THE DRILL BLOWS
BEFORE I'M BACK INSIDE THE CAGE.
I'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST!

THE DRILL EXPLODED BLOWING THE PHOTON-MESH CABLE—



HENRY LEAPED ON THE STUNNED SOLDIER—



USING THE GUARD'S BLASTER, HENRY FOUGHT HIS WAY PAST THE OTHER GUARDS.



HENRY COULDN'T GUARANTEE HITTING THE GUARDS IN THE TOWER, SO HE DEMOLISHED IT—





HENRY SET ABOUT RELEASING THE PRISONERS—

YOU'RE DOING
FINE, PILOT!

WE NEED WEAPONS.

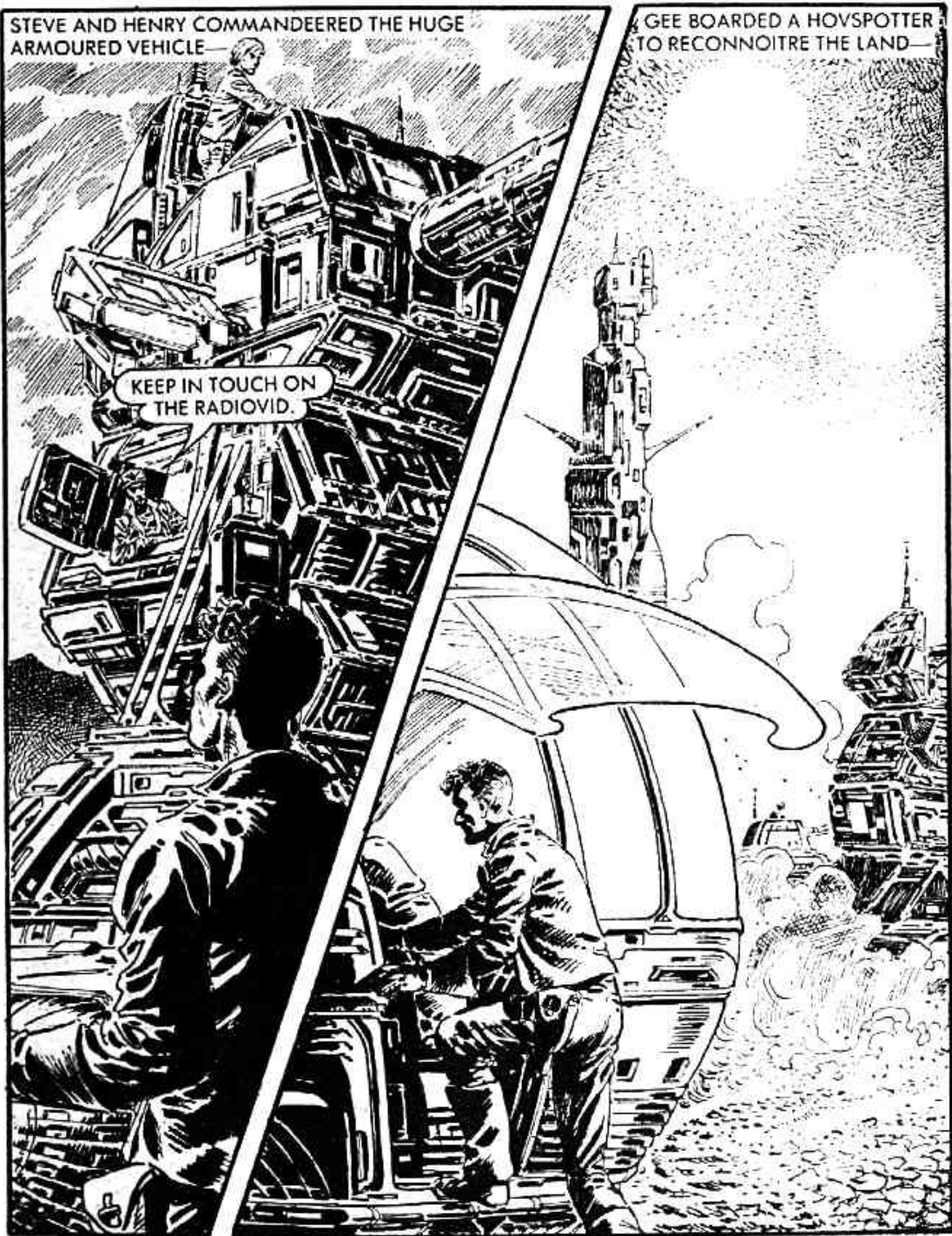




STEVE AND HENRY COMMANDEERED THE HUGE
ARMOURED VEHICLE—

KEEP IN TOUCH ON
THE RADIOID.

GEE BOARDED A HOVSPOTTER
TO RECONNOITRE THE LAND—



THE CURIOUS CONVOY LUMBERED AWAY FROM THE PRISON CAMP.






STEVE AND HENRY LOOKED FOR WAYS
TO DEFEND THEMSELVES—

STOP THIS THING . . . MAN THE
CANNON.

I DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND
THE CONTROLS! BUT HERE GOES!





FIRES OF HADES! A FLAMETHROWER,
WITH A MILE-LONG RANGE, NO LESS!



THE OTHER CRAFT BANKED AWAY, AFRAID OF THE DEVASTATING THERMAL RAY.


GEE WAS SOON ON THE MOVE AGAIN—

TANKS INTERCEPTING YOU!
ABOUT A MILE AHEAD.







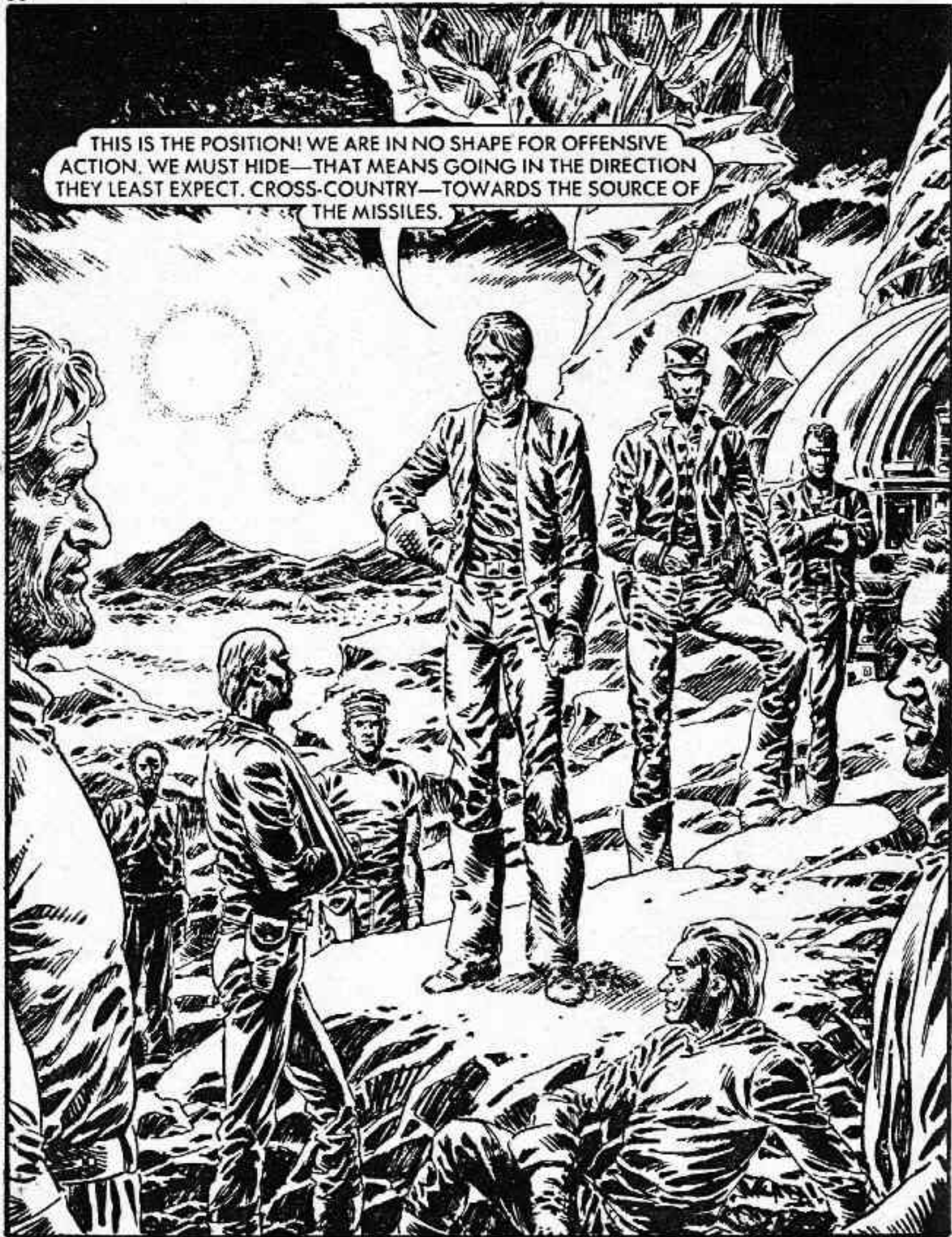


GET AWAY FROM THE CONVOY
— INTO THE DITCH.

UNERRINGLY THE OBJECT HOMED IN ON THE TANK AND ERUPTED IN A FIRESTORM OF
WHITE HOT DEATH.

THERMO-INCENDIARIES! NO TANKS,
AND NO TRANSPORT LEFT, JUST US
AND A FEW HAND WEAPONS.

THIS IS THE POSITION! WE ARE IN NO SHAPE FOR OFFENSIVE ACTION. WE MUST HIDE—THAT MEANS GOING IN THE DIRECTION THEY LEAST EXPECT. CROSS-COUNTRY—TOWARDS THE SOURCE OF THE MISSILES.



RETALIATION WAS BEING PLANNED—

RECONNAISSANCE PODS SHOW THE
ANTI-TANK MISSILES DESTROYED
EVERYTHING. SEND TROOP-CARRIERS
TO FINISH OFF ANY SURVIVORS.

STEVE! 3 MILES NORTH-EAST OF
YOU, ALL SORTS OF WEAPONS
ARE ASSEMBLED AT A
TEMPORARY CAMP!

WE'LL HAVE TO CREATE A DIVERSION
AT THE OTHER END—WE'LL ONLY
HAVE ONE CHANCE TO GET IN
THERE.



GEE HARRASSED THE BARGEZ, WHILE . . .



STEVE AND HIS MEN CREPT CLOSE TO THE SECURITY NET AROUND THE CAMP



ONCE INSIDE—



WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

SONIC GRENADES! JUST WHAT WE NEED RIGHT NOW!

THE SONICS SOON DISPOSED OF THE
REMAINING DEPOT GUARDS.



THE UNEXPECTED ATTACK YIELDED ARMoured VEHICLES
AND ARMS—



WHERE DO WE GO? NO USE
HANGING ABOUT HERE TO BE
BLOTTED OUT BY SPACE PODS.

THE SPACEPORT. IT'S
THE BIGGEST TARGET.

THE SMALL FORCE SET OFF ACROSS COUNTRY.



STEVE, YOU ARE RUNNING STRAIGHT INTO
A COLUMN OF SOME SORT OF VEHICLES.



HELP! WE'RE IN SOME
SORT OF QUICKSAND.



GET THEM OUT!

A HUMAN CHAIN RESCUED THE CREW OF THE DOOMED TANK.



WHAT IS THAT BLACK STUFF,
ANYWAY?



OIL! AN OLD
FOSSIL FUEL.



OF COURSE! ON MANY PLANETS, OIL WAS FOUND NEAR NATURAL GAS. IF WE COME THROUGH, WE COULD BUY THIS LAND AFTER THE WAR AND GET RICH.

COME OFF IT, HENRY! YOU'D NEVER STICK A JOB EVEN IF IT DID MAKE YOU RICH.

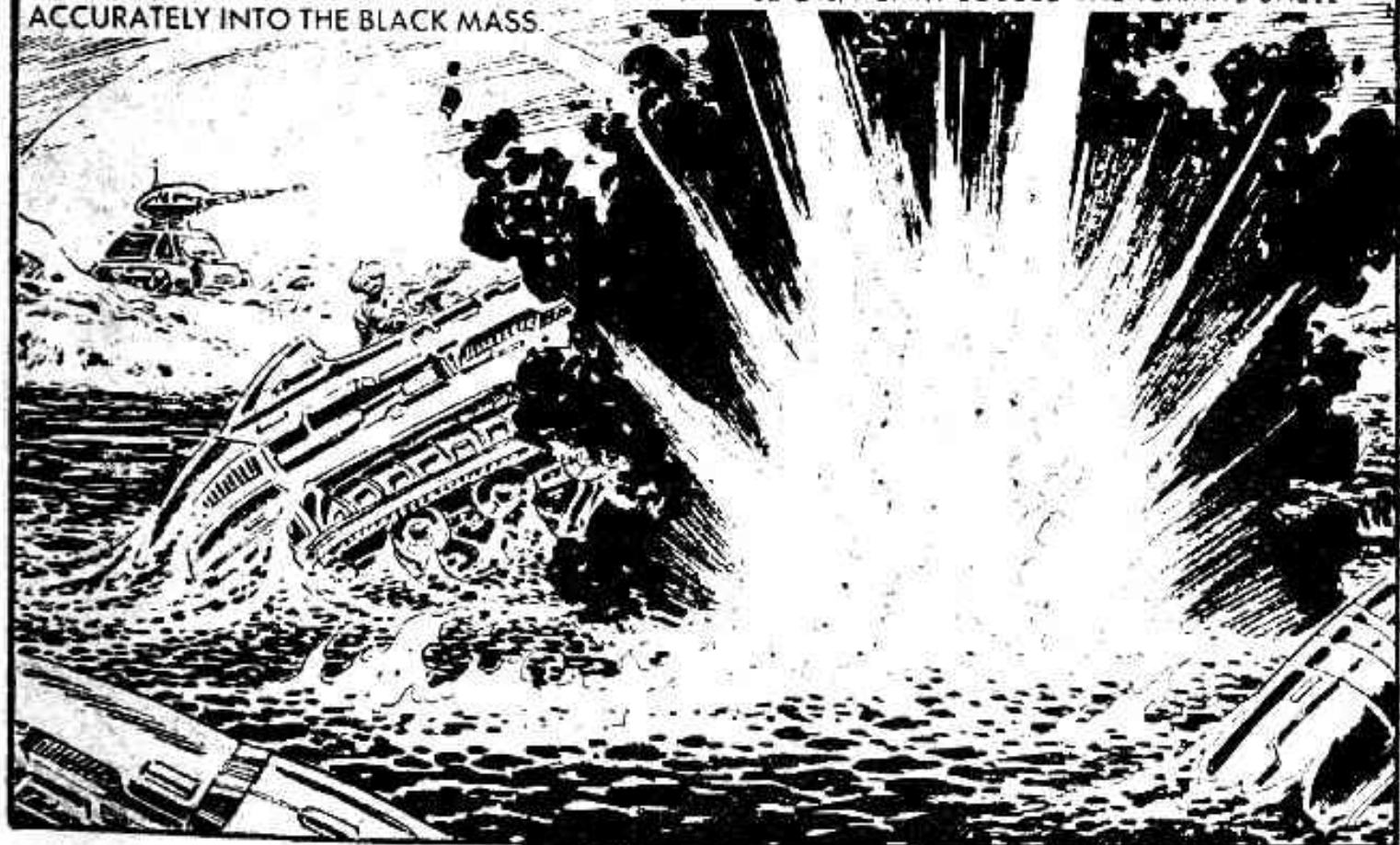
HADES! IT'S A COLUMN OF MOTORISED INFANTRY!

THE MOTLEY COLLECTION PREPARED TO FACE THE WRATH OF THE BARGEZ

WAIT TILL THEY REACH THE OIL — A TERMITE SHELL SHOULD PROVIDE ENOUGH HEAT TO IGNITE THE OIL.



AS THE BARGEZ COLUMN APPROACHED THE SURFACE OIL, HENRY LOBBED THE TERMITE SHELL ACCURATELY INTO THE BLACK MASS.



WITH A FIRE RAGING, THE TANKS
CLOSED IN TO FINISH OFF THE
BARGEZ—

THE SPACEPORT'S OVER A MILE AWAY,
BUT THE SOUND OF TANKS WILL CARRY
THAT FAR. SO NOW WE WALK.

SILENTLY THEY CREPT PAST THE AUTOMATIC PUMPING STATIONS SURROUNDING THE SPACEPORT.

THAT'S A NEW PUMPING STATION —
GET INSIDE!



THIS PIPELINE WAS CONSTRUCTED SO THAT BIGGER BALLOON CONVOYS COULD BE HAULED BY LARGER SHIPS FROM THE SPACEPORT.

COULD WE FILL A BALLOON AND EXPLODE IT ON THE SPACEPORT?

YES! IF WE GET THE BALLOON'S NECK OVER THE PIPE AS SOON AS THE CAP FALLS OFF.

THE TASK PROVED SIMPLE —

IF I'VE GOT THE WEIGHT ON THIS LINE CORRECT, THE BALLOON WILL ONLY RISE A FEW FEET, STEVE.



INSIDE THE SPACEPORT —





THE GAS IGNITED CAUSING A MINOR FIRE AMONGST OUTBUILDINGS—



WE MUST GET TO
THOSE TWO SHIPS.

UNDER COVER OF THE FIRE AND SMOKE—





USING THE MOBILE WATER TRUK AS A SHIELD, HENRY REVERSED TOWARD THE BARGEZ VANTAGE POINT—



TWO SONIC GRENADES TOOK CARE OF THE BARGEZ—



I JUST HOPE THESE SHIPS
CAN LIFT THIS NUMBER OF MEN.

IT WILL TAKE STEVE AND HENRY TIME TO FATHOM THE
UNFAMILIAR CONTROLS, AND THE MEN WILL HAVE TO
BE SECURED IN THE SHIPS — SO YOU VOLUNTEERS WILL
HELP US FIGHT A DELAYING ACTION. MORE BARGEZ
WILL BE HERE ANY MOMENT.

ANY TRANSPORT THAT COMES UP
THIS ROAD, YOU IGNITE THE GAS
AND DO YOUR BEST WITH IT —
CLEAR?



FIX YOUR RADIO-IGNITERS AND THEN JOIN
US IN THE BUILDING AT THE FAR END.



IF ALL ELSE FAILS, WE'LL SELL OUR LIVES
DEARLY!



WHILE THE CRAFT WERE BEING PREPARED, GEE'S
GROUND FORCE FOUGHT A HIT AND RUN BATTLE—



AN EARSPLITTING ROAR CAUSED GEE TO LOOK UP—

WE'VE DONE OUR JOB.
THEY'RE OFF!

THE OVERLOADED CRAFT SENT A
HAIL OF FIRE DOWN ON THE
BARGEZ—

WE'VE PUT PAID TO THE ARMS
DEPOT. ARE YOU CLEARING THE ROAD?

ON HENRY'S CRAFT—

WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE ANOTHER PASS
TO FINISH OFF THIS LAST CONVOY.

THERE'S NOTHING BUT SCRAP METAL
FOR 50 MILES AROUND THE SPACEPORT.

SHIP'S DETECTORS SHOW BARGEZ
ACTIVITY AT THE GAS PUMPING
PLANET. TELL HENRY WE ARE
GOING THERE.

THE GROUND FORCES WERE OBLITERATED, AND THERE
WAS NO NEED TO DESTROY THE LAST DOME.



TELL THE GROUND CONTROL
THE WORK IS DONE. WE ARE
BRINGING THE MEN BACK.
THE SHIPS ARE OVERLOADED
ANYWAY.

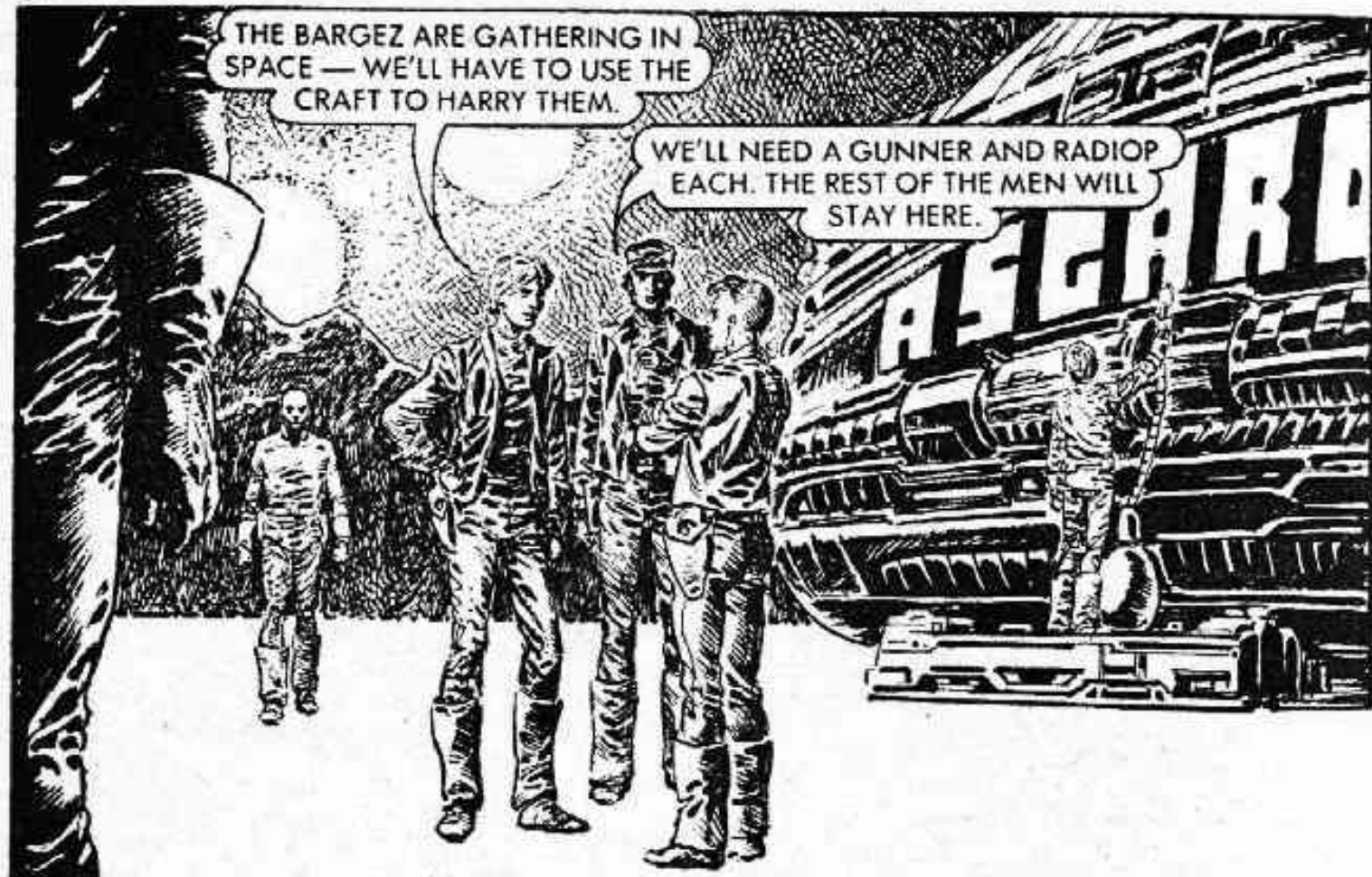
ONCE THE CRAFT LANDED, A COMMAND CENTRE WAS SET UP—

THE INVASION IS ONLY 24
HOURS OLD, YET THE
BARGEZ OCCUPATION
FORCE IS ALREADY
SCUPPERED.

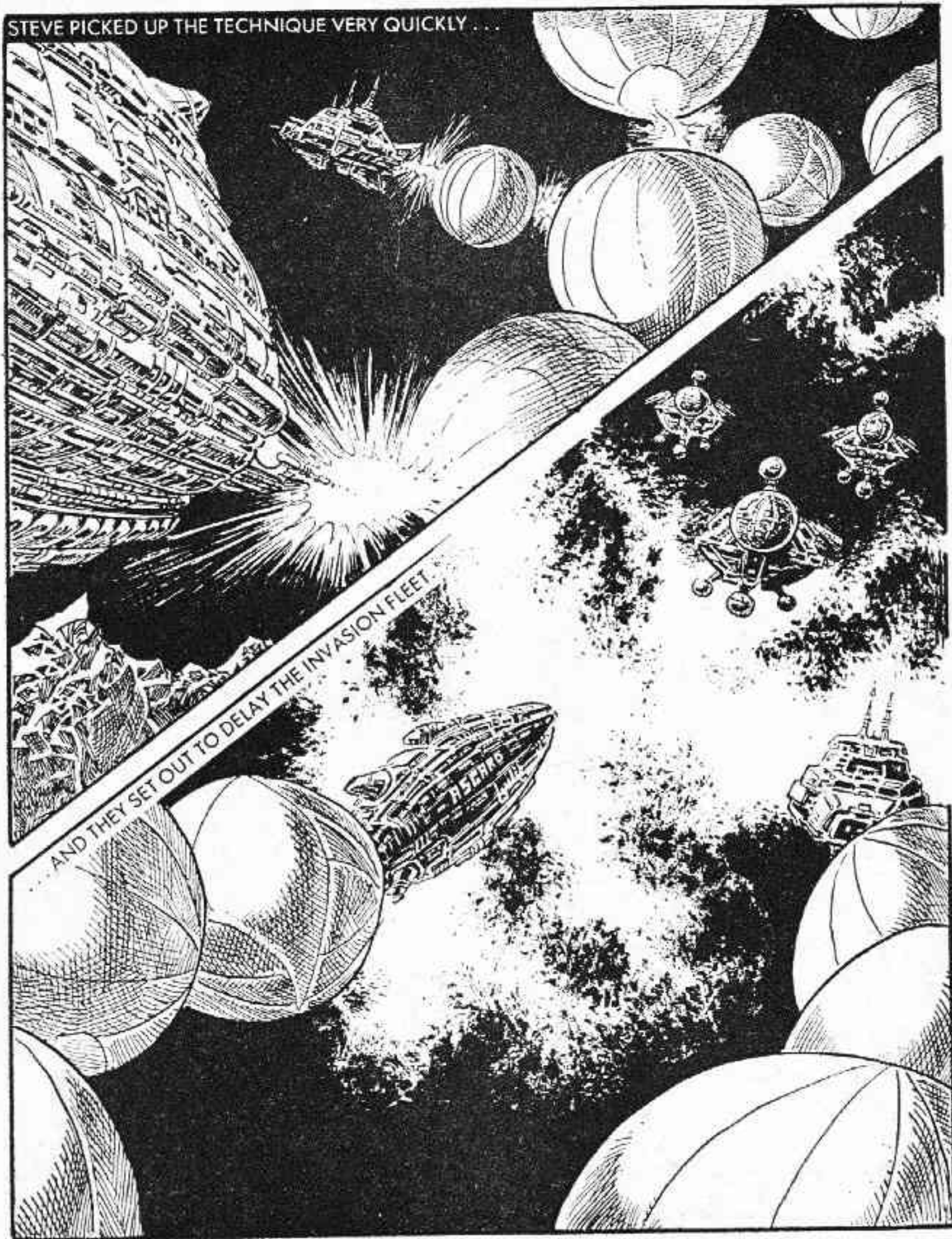
I'VE TOLD VELGA THAT RESISTANCE
IS ALIVE AND WELL ON ASGARD.

THE EARTH FLEET WILL SOON
BE ON ITS WAY.





STEVE PICKED UP THE TECHNIQUE VERY QUICKLY...

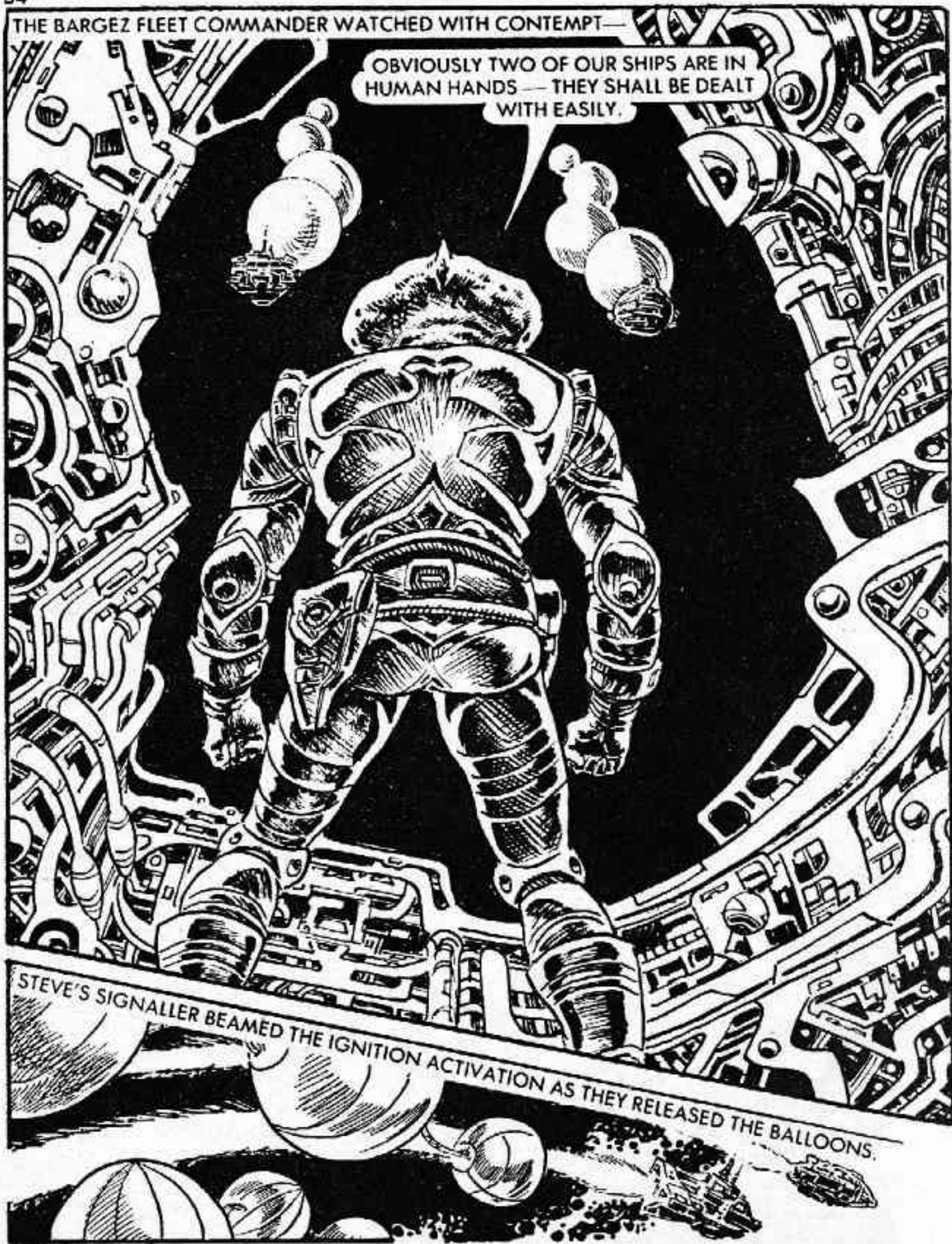


...AND THEY SET OUT TO DELAY THE INVASION FLEET

THE BARGEZ FLEET COMMANDER WATCHED WITH CONTEMPT—

OBVIOUSLY TWO OF OUR SHIPS ARE IN
HUMAN HANDS — THEY SHALL BE DEALT
WITH EASILY.

STEVE'S SIGNALLER BEAMED THE IGNITION ACTIVATION AS THEY RELEASED THE BALLOONS.



THE ALLOY BALLOONS EXPLODED DAMAGING A NUMBER OF BARGEZ CRAFT—



HENRY! THESE
SHIPS ARE SLUGGISH.

YEAH, STEVE, MINE TOO. AND YOU
NOTICED THE BARGEZ COULDN'T TURN
SHARPLY AWAY FROM THE BALLOONS?

STEVE SEARCHED THE TECHNICAL FILES, AND FOUND WHAT HE WANTED —

ROUGHLY TRANSLATED, THAT MEANS
'DANGEROUS TO ALTER TURN
SETTING.' BUT WHY?



STEVE TRANSMITTED THE
INFORMATION —

ANY IDEAS WHY?

MORE ALIENS STEVE — AND NO
TIME FOR BALLOONS NOW.



STEVE, IF IT ISN'T MECHANICAL, IT MUST
BE TO PREVENT DANGER TO THE BARGEZ.
MAYBE THEY CAN'T TAKE THE G-FORCE
IN TIGHT TURNS WE CAN.



STEVE AND HENRY
TRANSMITTED THE OVER-RIDE CODE—

THE CAPTURED CRAFT, NOW ABLE TO TURN MUCH
MORE TIGHTLY, SPED INTO THE ATTACK.



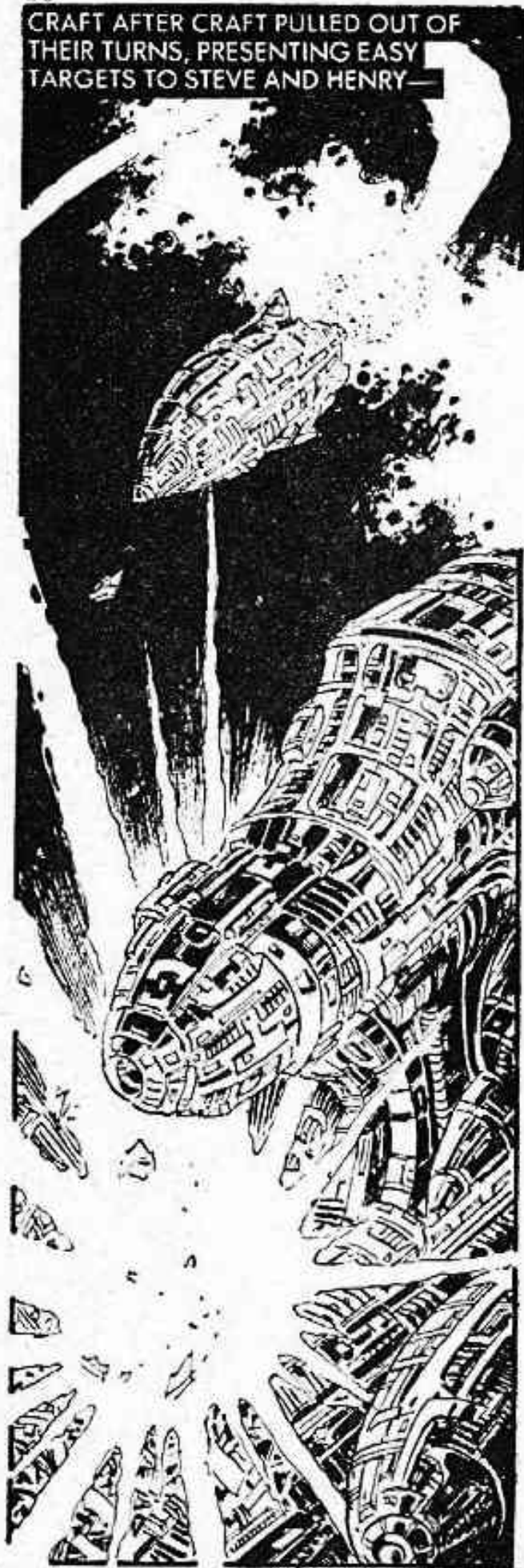
THE BARGEZ TRIED TO FOLLOW THE TURNING CRAFT—

THEY'RE SITTING DUCKS! YOU WERE
RIGHT HENRY—THEY CAN'T TAKE TIGHT
TURNS!

TOO STEEP!
TOO STEEP...



CRAFT AFTER CRAFT PULLED OUT OF
THEIR TURNS, PRESENTING EASY
TARGETS TO STEVE AND HENRY—



DISHEARTENED, THE BARGEZ WITHDREW—



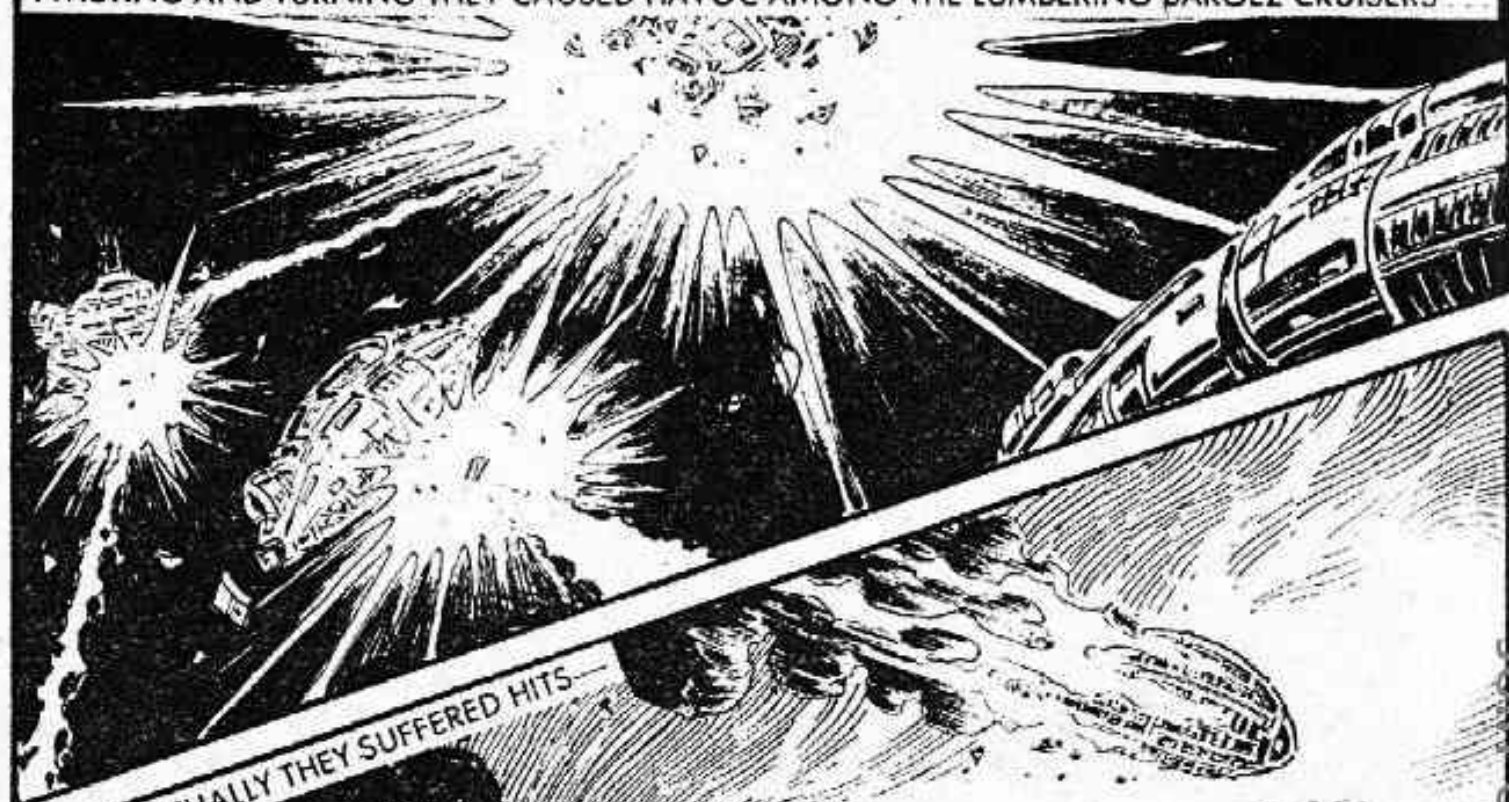
WE'VE REPELLED TWO ADVANCE SQUADRONS, BUT IT'S OBVIOUS THEIR FLEET WILL ARRIVE BEFORE OURS.

WE ARE MAKING MORE OBSTACLES ON THE SPACEPORT, STEVE. NO SENSE IN LETTING THEM LAND EASILY.

STEVE AND HENRY PREPARED FOR A FORLORN STAND AGAINST THE BARGEZ FLEET.



TWISTING AND TURNING THEY CAUSED HAVOC AMONG THE LUMBERING BARGEZ CRUISERS



BUT EVENTUALLY THEY SUFFERED HITS—




BOTH CRAFT CRASH LANDED ON THE SPACEPORT—





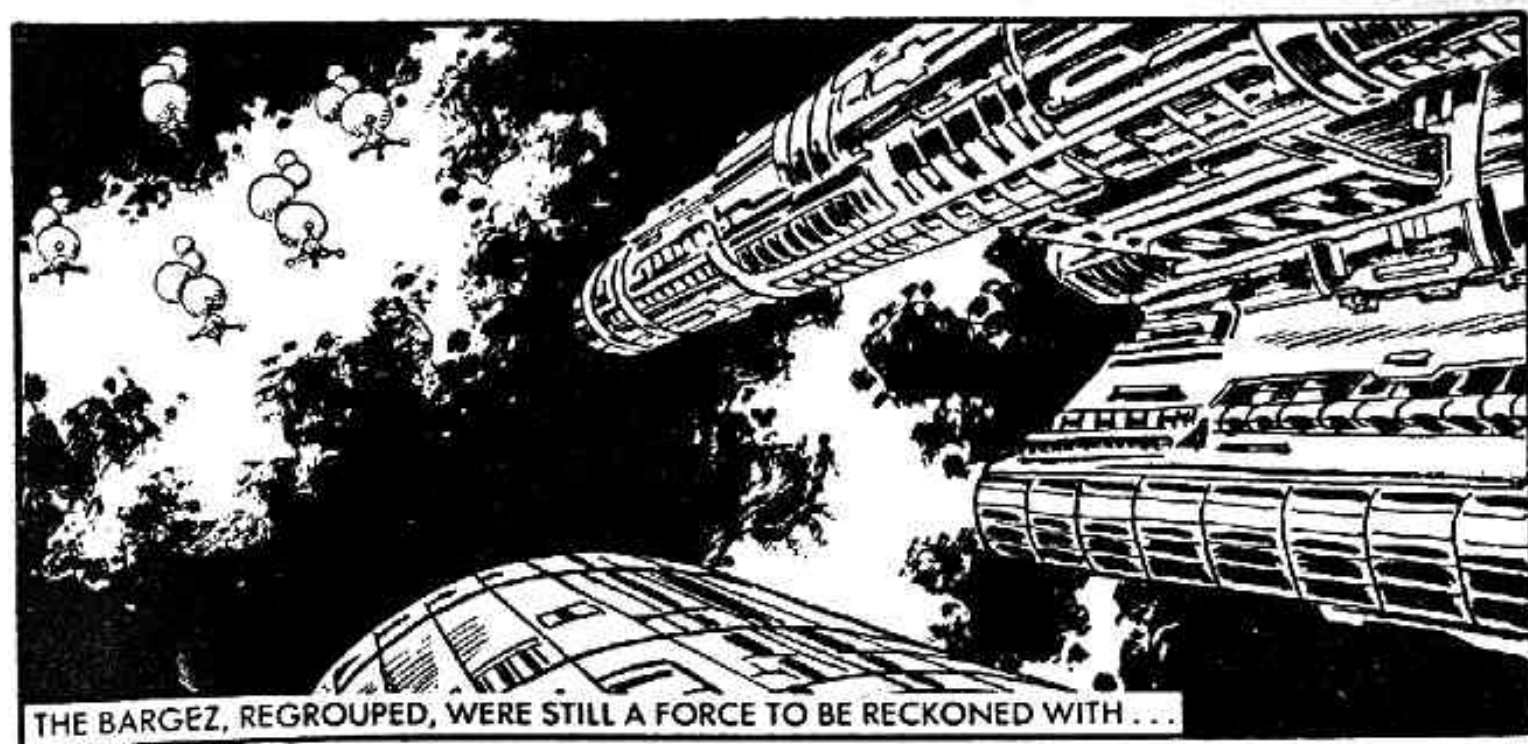
I RECKON THAT'S
ALL WE CAN DO.

BUT THE VELGA FLEET WAS WITHIN SIGHTING DISTANCE.

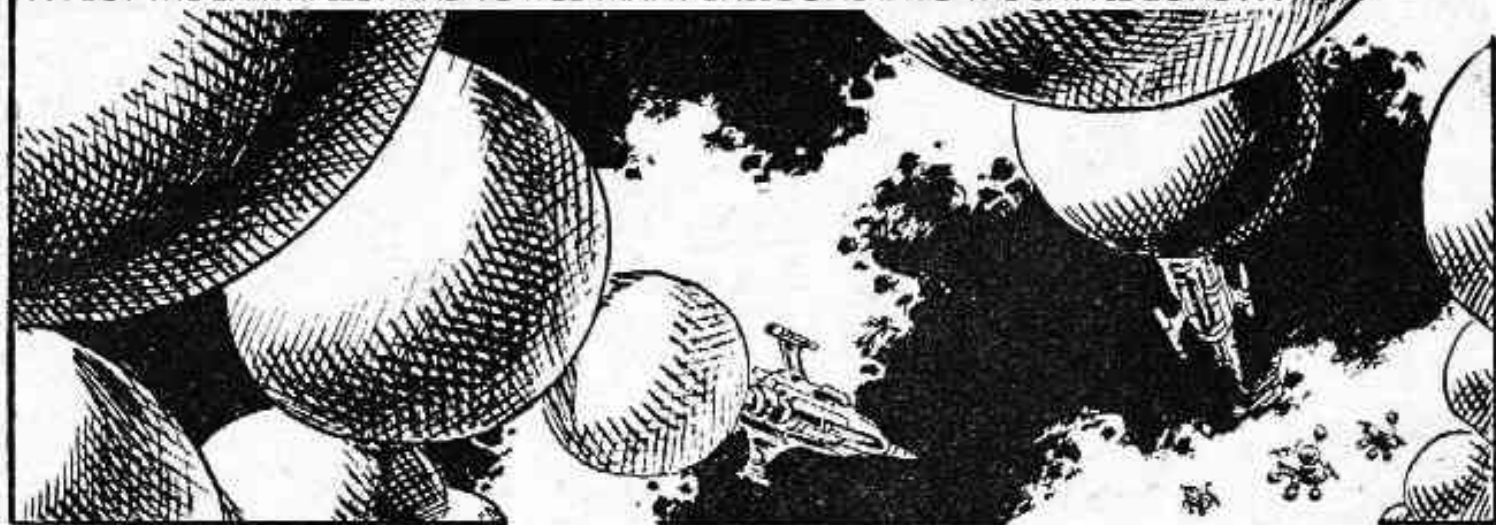


WE'VE CAUGHT THEM IN ATMOSPHERE! THEY
DAREN'T EXCEED WARP 2 IN A TURN! ALL SHIPS
FIRE SEEKER MISSILES!





... BUT THE EARTH FLEET HAD TOWED MANY BALLOONS INTO THE BATTLE ZONE ...



... AND ONCE RELEASED A DETONATOR WAS ACTIVATED.



LIKE FIRESHIPs OF OLD, THE OBJECT WAS NOT SO MUCH TO DESTROY, BUT TO PANIC AND SCATTER THE FOE.



THE SCATTERED ALIENS WERE HUNTED DOWN AND BLASTED BY THE STILL ORGANISED EARTH FLEET—




AS THE BATTLE DREW TO A CLOSE—THE SUICIDE SQUAD ASSESSED CASUALTIES.

NOT SO MANY OF US LEFT NOW!



TRUE! A LOT OF GOOD MEN DIED TO SAVE ASGARD FOR THE FEDERATION.

THE THREE WERE SUMMONED TO THE COMMAND SHIP ONCE THE BATTLE WAS OVER.



YOU THREE WERE INSTRUMENTAL IN THIS VICTORY, SO YOU ARE BEING POSTED TO CALIBAN VI... A WAR HAS BEEN RAGING THERE. KEEP THE CASUALTIES DOWN.

CASUALTIES! OVER A THOUSAND MEN DIED TO SAVE ASGARD, AND OUR FRIEND BELLO WAS KILLED LAST TRIP. HOW MANY MORE "CASUALTIES" MUST WE SUFFER BEFORE GOVERNMENTS REALISE THAT WAR IS FUTILE?

**DON'T
MISS**

**THIS MONTH'S
OTHER ACTION-PACKED
ADVENTURE**

STARBLAZER

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 123

HE DISOBEYED AN ORDER
AND SO SAVED THE TERRAN
WORLDS FROM

THE PLANET EATER

**NOW
ON
SALE**





After the launch of Gemini 12 in November 1966, the American Apollo moon-landing plan really began. Apollo had been tested, unmanned, since 1964 and all had progressed well. Tragically, in January 1967 three astronauts, Grissom, White and Chaffee were killed during a ground test for Apollo's first manned flight. Another 18 months passed before Apollo 7 blasted off.

Apollo 7 command module pilot was Major Donn Fulton Eisele, 38, USAF and pilot Walter Cunningham, 36. The mission lasted 10 days 20 hours 9 mins 3 secs and began on October 11, 1968.

Both Eisele and Cunningham are both now in business.